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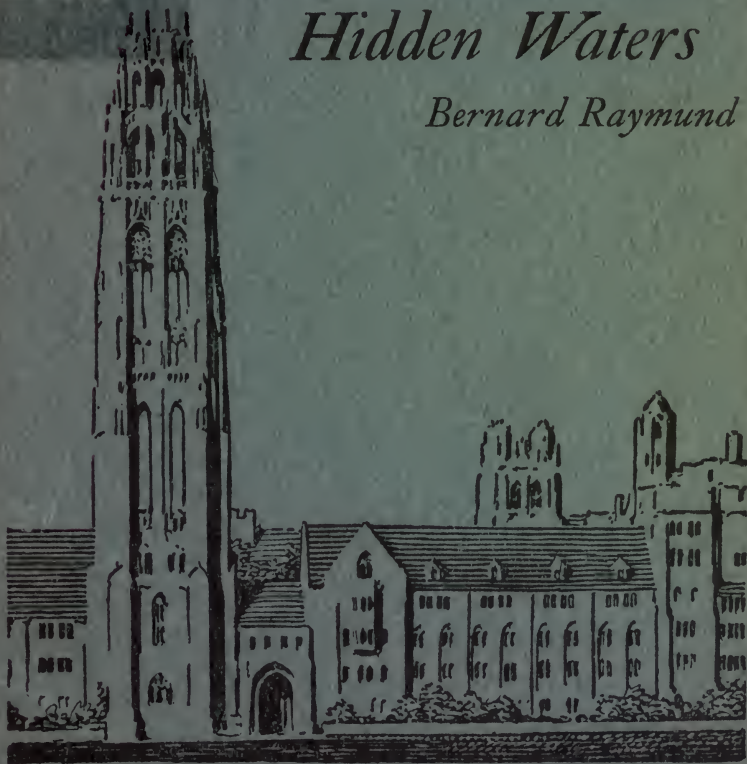


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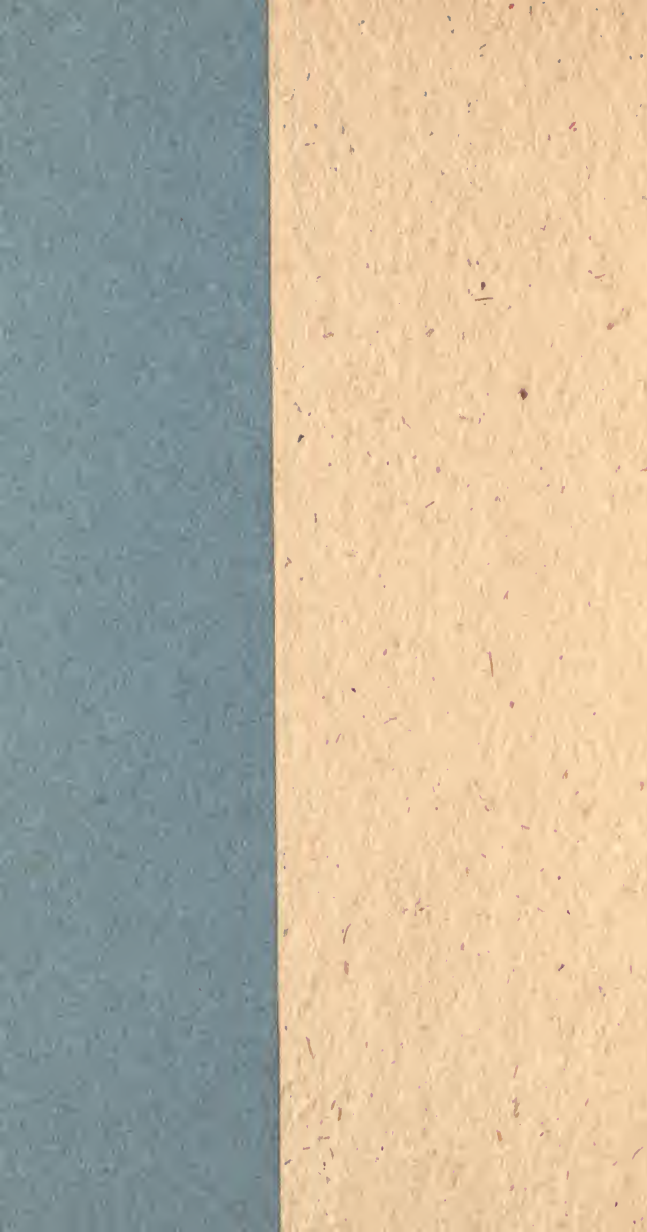
ERIES

Hidden Waters

Bernard Raymund



OF YOUNGER POETS





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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

THE *Yale Series of Younger Poets* is designed to afford a publishing medium for the work of young men and women who have not yet secured a wide public recognition. It will include only such verse as seems to give the fairest promise for the future of American poetry,—to the development of which it is hoped that the Series may prove a stimulus. Communications concerning manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, Professor Charlton M. Lewis, 425 St. Ronan Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

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Hidden Waters



BERNARD RAYMUND



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DEDICATION.

THESE be the singing gifts
I bring you still;
I lay them here and never raise
My eager eyes to ask your praise
Nor ever will.

These songs be carven from
Dear days we knew,
Green days, and windy days and some
Wild with the flames that used to come
When love was new.

Songs there be too that wake
The old, old fears,
The wistfulness, the empty ache,
The long nights when our hearts would break
With hopeless tears.

These be my singing gifts,
My carven stones,
Dropped one by one into a well
Whose hidden waters hold the spell
Of bygone suns.

IMAGE.

You are the first ripple of astonishment
That would not wholly pass away but gave
Its curving ecstasy before it went
To shapeless sand, and no succeeding wave
Could quite efface the flowing line nor make
Ever the white floor smooth again and bare.
You came before a light wind at the break
Of such a dawn as swallows love and there
I found you quivering among the sedge.
Knowing you were too wild a thing to stay
I knelt down quickly at the water's edge
Took your one kiss and watched you slip away.
Had you not left your image here with me
Oh how forlorn, beloved, would I be!

LACHRYMAE RERUM.

ONCE seared by flames of false desires
She steels her soul to do without,
And face to face with passion fires
She can but doubt.
All that love's sobbing breath can urge
Against her bitter, brittle will,
Even her heart blood's lifting surge
Her lips must still.
And though those startled lips may chance
On other lips, her certainty
Will carve the golden circumstance
To tragedy.

THE LOVERS.

NEVER a glance they get from me,
I light my pipe and pass them—so,
And laugh to think they cannot know
I count the nights so ceaselessly.
And all their pretty pigeon pride
Touches me not; half covertly
I see them turn to look at me—
They never guess the things I hide.
Nor can I find it in my heart
To envy them their joy one whit,
I leave to them the whole of it
And treasure all of mine apart.

THERE IS A WOOD.

THERE is a wood and a slow stream past it,
A grassy road where all the robins run;
Do you remember how dim it was and quiet,
How cool to lie there away from the sun?

The water ran so clear and smooth above the pebbles,
And the grass crept over the bank to see
The birds come down to drink and wet their feathers;
None ever went that way but we.

How tall the trees were, do you remember?
How deep and far away the quiet skies,
When we lay by a slow stream and looked at each other
And the laughter died from our eyes.

THE WELL.

THERE are all things reflected here, yet all
Subdued to quieter, smaller worlds than ours;
From hidden crevices the slow drop's fall
Measures with ring on ring the pace of hours.
So deep the mirror shines, so far below
This lichen-covered ledge the cool springs lie,
That none who looks down the dark shaft may know
Where air and water meet. Against that sky
Faces loom dimly, are they ours that peer?
Or yours and yours, who now draw up to drink
A shining pail, as cool as ours and clear,
And lean it dripping on that nether brink?
Surely in your small world you feel the spell
That's lying at the bottom of your well!

THE DARK POOL.

I KNOW a pool where laughter never was,
No bird spread dripping feathers to the sun,
And no flower stood on tiptoe in the grass
To wonder at itself. The minnows run
From stone to stone, unbodied, shadowless;
And water-striders thread their secret way
Under gnarled, ancient roots and tangled cress.
I know a pool that on the windiest day
From bank to bank will not a ruffle show,
And never a willow leaf put out its sail
To find if all the wonders could be so
It gathered from the old tree's misty tale.
But all tired waters pause in that cool deep
To dream of other, farther pools and sleep.

FLUTES AND STRINGS.

THESE willows do not wake all day, but now
They stretch their cloudy arms and breathe warm sighs,
And in a sudden ecstasy bend low
To where the cello-notes of waters rise.
Is it old music that they wake to hear?
Quaint melodies they never can unlearn
That now they treasure dimly year by year?
Or does the spirit of their youth still burn?
Do they still thirst for beauty and the strange
Inexorable pain of beauty's quest?
These waters pass forever without change,
But who knows what dark secret on their breast,
What sudden joy, what anguish without name
May some night set the very leaves aflame!

WATCHERS.

BESIDE the lane the lombardies
Stand and look
Over the tops of the other trees,
Over the brook,
Over the fields of grazing sheep
Beyond the hedge
To the line of purple hills asleep
At the land's edge.
Oh watchers! when a carefree wind
Passes by,
Do you long to leave the farm behind,
Take wing and fly?

HOMILETIC.

IF it were so
That things pray as they grow,
It seems to me
In the wild rye that overtops the wheat
There were more piety.
And yellow clover growing in a ditch
God's nose must find
More to its liking than the red-top's rich
Smug acreage. I'm of that mind
Myself, and sure I do not know
That I should think it strange—if it were so!

SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

I SAT me down on the hilltop's rim
Toward the wane of a long, slow afternoon
Where the shadows crept from the river's brim
Bringing the twilight none too soon,
And found beside me a fallen bit
Of twig that a bee had burrowed in,
Four clean-cut holes just made to fit
Four fingers, and a rounded, thin,
Most tempting mouthpiece! Quick had sought
My lips to call the spirit forth.
No sound—Mayhap have the shepherds taught
Their lays as their lambs to shun the north?
Or must I follow the selfsame way
Forgotten by men long, long ago,
That the first lone herdsman learned to play?
Sure the stubborn reed would have it so!
But try as I might I tried in vain,
The long lost way was closed—to me;
And only the ghost of a lilting strain
Came floating with airy mockery
From a land as old as melody
Where a shepherd sat on a hilltop's rim
Toward the wane of a long, slow afternoon
And the huddled sheep lay close by him
Where the shadows crept from the river's brim
Bringing the twilight none too soon . . .

AT SUNSET.

ONE last crimson shaft upriven
Sheer through the cloud bank's spreading wings,
Cleaving the very roof of heaven
Where a virgin crescent swings—
Oh the mad striving, the valiant might,
One last grasp from the sunken west!
A silver swallow dips through the night
To the dark of the water's breast.

RIVER SONG FOR A RED DEER.

WHEN mullein pods ripen and burst
And the long grass fades in the sun,
When upland fields are a-thirst
Come down, come down, lovely one!

Come where the river is wide,
And the ranks of the cedar sweet,
The waves will talk at your side
They will whisper about your feet.

Come lie where under the land
The shadowed waters creep,
With brown limbs stretched on the sand
Shut your eyes, lovely one, fall asleep.

TRACINGS.

FINGER prints on the window,
The smear of a dog's wet nose,
Thousands of marks on the stairway
Of clattering heels and toes ;
A headlong path through the garden
To a low place in the wall,
Beyond to a ring of ashes
By the boulders—That is all,
All they have left behind them,
You can search the whole place through,
Never know what the children looked like
Or the tricks their dog could do.

BLACKBIRD.

THE rhymes my master taught to me,
I've learned them word for word ;
So today my master brought to me
A cage with a tame blackbird.
A stout, round, woven wicker cage
With a handle of the top,
And the bird just come of singing age
Nor yet with sense to stop.
But I'd give all the tame blackbirds
That ever lifted note
For a little woven cage of words
Should hold the dreams that float
Just out of reach the livelong day
On lazy, vexing wing—
Oh then what would my master say
To hear his blackbird sing!

DARK PLACES.

I. THE LUMBER SHED.

THE lumber shed it smells so good
I'd like to play there all the time,
It's like a dark and quiet wood,
And there are lots of things to climb.
Except the floor is hard and bare,
And leveller than any ground,
With no pine needles lying there
To cover up the sound.
The piles of boards lie slim and straight
That never will be trees again;
It must be hard to always wait
And listen for the wind and rain.
It must be hard to lie that way
All crowded in a narrow stack
And never on a rainy day
Feel big cool drops fall down your back.

II. THE ROUNDHOUSE.

WE saw where the engines sleep, Daddy and I,
And it was dark and full of smoke;
There were men with torches passing by
To see if anything was broke.
And every engine had a place
All to itself in a great round ring,
And each one tried to hide its face
Where it couldn't see or hear a thing.
Some were tired and all over dust,
And some were very clean and bright—
I guess the men in jumpers must
Give them their baths most every night.

III. BEWIT'S STORE.

THE grocery where we used to deal
Has boards nailed up across the door
And Daddy says that it's for sale,
So I'm not sent there any more.
But sometimes when I'm passing by
To Kinsale's further down the square
I just pretend a bit that I
Am really going there.
The coffee bins stand in a row
With pictures all in red and gilt
Of people who lived long ago
Before this town was ever built.
It almost seems that I can smell
The spices and the cinnamon,
And hear old Mr. Bewit tell
A lady that the corn's all gone.
It almost seems my feet can feel
The crinkly places in the floor;
Why do they say that it's for sale
And nail old boards across the door?

THEATRE.

WHEN the lamp goes out and the shadows leap
From corner to corner on silent toe,
When the live coals fall to a level heap
With a silken sound—an orange glow
Lights up a space at the back of the grate,
A still small stage where I may see
Beggars sprawled at some sunny gate,
Or priests before a shrine of stone—
Turbanned grotesques that leer at me,
Waver, and pass, and are gone.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

“Mir war’s Ich hört’ es an die Türe pochen—”
—*Paul Heyse.*

IT seemed I heard a knocking at the door,
I left my chair, forgetting what had been;
I thought you spoke again as oft before
With coaxing voice, “Daddy, may I come in?”

And when I walked at evening on the sand
I felt your fingers warm within my hand,
And where the waves had laid the rough rocks bare
I said aloud, “Don’t stumble, dear, take care!”

THE QUICKENING.

SHE felt the child stir in her side,
She felt his little arms stretch out,
She lay, eyes wondering and wide,
Trembling with hope and doubt.
She asked herself, was she as brave
As those stout-hearted mothers were
Whose unthanked heroism gave
Her motherhood to her?
Or were they just as weak as she
Who lay here trembling in the night?
Did they too hope the day would be
Glad of his birth and bright?
Far off a plaintive bird voice cried,
A tree tapped at the window pane;
Hugging that new life in her side
She fell asleep again.

AEGEA.

DID your mother know when she bore you, Aegea,
What you were to become?
If she had seen would the song of labor
On her lips have fallen dumb?
She gave you her voice, her features, Aegea,
Her gay impetuous breast;
One would suppose that her other virtues
Were wedded with the rest.
Not that you were to be earth-bound, Aegea,
None fonder of freedom than she;
You were to have all the things she had wished for,
But hardly she meant you to be
This wave-tossed, delicate spume thing, Aegea,
The sport of passion's gales
That only leaves at the weltering cliff's edge
The print of frantic nails.

THE STUDIO.

THAT night none of the old friends were about
To keep the air clear and the senses free:
Julia had taken Nan and Mary out
On some mad lark and left her home with me.
Yet even so we still contrived to play
At being comrades over toast and tea;
There were new sketches surely I must see,
The pretty hat she bought just yesterday.
Then as our voices finally fell, the room
Reeled in upon us and the silence cast
Its silken net and drew us to our doom,
Two stricken creatures safely caught at last.
And as the wild tide burst upon our ears
Passion met passion in a storm of tears.

CAPRICE.

SUNSET blasted out of a granite sky,
The meadow wet with the rain of an afternoon—
I cannot catch you, no! and I shall not try
For I know you'll be back to sit at my side as soon
As you find I am cold to your sport and your raillery.
Wings you shall have, not clumsy earth-clodden feet;
Wings never tear at the clutch of a dewberry vine;
Then you will slip from my grasp be I ever so fleet;
With wings you may laugh and the turn will never be mine.
There you will float, great soft-eyed moth that you are,
With measured sweep straight out toward the west's molten
 rift,
While in vain I call with arms outstretched from afar
As I stumble on through the weeds and the boulder drift!

ONE WHO WOULD BE FREE.

WITH pitiful protest, a gesture
Dispassionate, final, she swept
From her white shoulders the vesture
My own hands had laid there; stepped
Forth from the love that would hold her
Out in the empty dawn,
One moment and mist would enfold her
Hiding the way she had gone.
Yet she wavered, paused in the gateway,
Stood there with downbent head,
Half turned to look back, and straightway
Before I could follow, fled.
House and hearthside are heavy with sorrow
For one who would be free,
Yet oh! she may come back tomorrow,
Dance through the rain to me.

LAURA.

PEOPLE still wonder what has brought her back
To Deptford and the little river farm,
There are all sorts of guesses and no lack
Of tongues that would, but cannot, do her harm.
She goes her way, a word for everyone,
Down the wide street with laughter in her eyes
Almost as if she heard the whispers run
From house to shuttered house in vague surmise.
Their shafts may never pierce the youthful pride
She's wearing with such brave audacity;
No, they'll not learn for all they peer and pry
What could have happened since she left, a bride;
What blow it was that struck all promise dead,
That smote so hard, but could not bend her head!

ROMANCE.

OH the sun is falling from the burnished bowl of heaven,
The pines are black on the hill above the town,
The weirs are calling through the crimson hush of twilight
Where the river mist comes stealing softly down.
There roams a vagrant wind among the hives of summer,
Idly caressing the heavy-headed grain,
And night wakes fragrant to a hidden, cryptic promise,
Floats down the white road that stretches to the plain.
A shadow passes, slips between the lilac bushes;
Was that a whistle, a fumbling at the gate?
And did the grasses sound from swiftly flowing ankles?
Oh could he know how hard it is to wait!
For slow words spoken soft on such a night as this one
Never forgotten, never wholly still,
Dear dreams broken long ago past hope of mending
Hold me a-tremble upon the darkened sill.

KATHLEEN.

So calm, so still, with eyes so far away,
She sits unheedful of the clanging throng,
Only her slender, white-gloved fingers play
About the lilac in her lap. Old song,
Old unremembered wisps of music float
To kiss the clinging fragrance at her lips.
And there's a sudden catching in her throat
For the sight of channel water as it slips
Up a dear shore; for clambering roads that wind
In dusty indolence from hill to hill,
The hedgerow all in blossom, ditches blind
With gold a million buttercups let spill.
Full of the wonder spring has brought to pass
Once more she runs barefooted through the grass.

JOHN KEATS.

DEAR boy, I should have liked to be your friend,
To be your friend and count me one of those
Gay comrades of your undisheartened days.
To go with you some indolent April's close
To tramp the wide heath over, windy ways
Alive with larks and linnets. With you stand
On a little hill, the west a kindled rose,
And watch our afternoon come to an end.
You would not need to urge me much, I fear,
To share your candle-light, your grateful blaze,
And hear you read with tranquil voice and clear
From some old book outspread upon your knee
Immortal words that you had long found dear
And yearned, beloved friend, to leave with me.

WIND FLOWER.

(*To R. M. S.*)

You were so little and the wind took you,
Carried you over the garden wall,
What a wonder it was that anyone found you
Who scarcely had opened at all.
Damp earth and dead leaves strewn thick about you,
How could such a fragile thing grow
So straight and unstunted, so shining and slender!
Will anyone ever know?
So little you asked for, a corner of quiet,
A glimpse of sun and a patch of sky,
A flash of wings in the gray of morning
From some bird passing by.
A corner of quiet by moss-stained maples
Tucked in under the garden wall;
What a pity the wind must whip down on you
Before it was yours at all!

NEW LOVE.

THEY go so painfully, so slow,
In such a fever, arms locked tight,
Heads close together, voices low—
But neither hears the other quite.

The torn corolla of the west
Rains down its burning petals where
A stormy Venus bares her breast—
They neither see nor care.

They go so painfully, so slow,
Night covers them with gentle cunning,
That none who passes them may know
How far ahead their hearts are running.

WHITE MAGIC.

To hold the charm and yet not care to use it,
Was ever irony more fit?
The bread of life set forth and still refuse it
No matter if you starve for it?
Sometimes the tune will out without my knowing
And I look up to find her near,
Almost as if by chance, her strange eyes glowing,
Is it with love, perhaps, or fear?
And then today I found that I could call her
With just the first half-whispered strain—
Oh what mischance might not befall her
If I should call again!

IF I GO DOWN.

If I go down, then I go down in flame,
And hill will look across the gulf to hill,
Waters run red above their sunken stones,
Birds wake and flutter blindly through the glare.
So for a little space may clamor fill
My valley to the rim with thunder tones,
Smoke and the crash of embers everywhere.
So for a space—Then trees will dance the same
Slow, sweeping rhythm in the morning light.
If I go down, then I go down in flame
And they shall tread the ashes out of sight.

YOU CROSSED MY PATH.

THIS evening found me spent, I knew not why,
Troubled, uneasy with vague discontent,
And though the sunset bled across the sky
And new grass sprouted everywhere I went
I could not laugh. I had been up and down
The sandy ways that lie along the lake,
Had faced the rising wind across wide spaces;
Why were my thoughts as waves that would not break?
Why was the twilight populous with faces
Whose thirsty eyes I did not care to own?
And then you crossed my path and spoke to me
With flashing smile and yellow hair windblown;
When most my need you came and set me free,
Part of a world where I had right to be!

YOUR TREE.

GAUNT, twisted, scarred
By the shrewd fingers of the wind,
Who knows how hard,
How slow the growing's been, how blind?
None saw but you
The patient groping on the wall
The long years through,
The hopeless struggle to be tall.
Now you are gone
It crouches by the dusty street,
Old and alone,
Dulled with the clamor of our feet.
Your twisted tree
Dreamed beauty it could not attain;
Trust you to see
And share, O gallant heart! the pain.

DRAMA.

LIFE caught at the instant of change—A door
Flies open, wheels thunder, a light blotted out
By a woman's cry; and what was before
Now is not, except for a choking breath,
A warm flood that trickles over the floor.
—Life caught and held here, and this the scrawl,
The challenging hieroglyph you call
By an age-old name that means to you
Little more than the wind and rain.
This thing is hatched out of chaos; this goes
Swarming to chaos; loss here or gain?
Anew the riddle is put, and anew
No answer save silence and strangeness and pain.

JOURNEY'S END.

THANK God, it's not much further now
To where they say she's waiting for me, dead,
Her cold hands on the coverlet outspread,
The wan hair matted on her brow.

There will be drawn blinds to keep
The benison of sunlight from that room,
While hypocritic through the flower-hung gloom
The curious neighborhood will creep.

* * * *

—The flickering car window gleams
Far out upon a waste of rotting field;
Long miles of railroad slums have reeled
Up from the dark of troubled dreams

To speed us onward to that place
So desolate, so empty of all cheer,
A lower hell by far than holds us here
Because its horror frames her face.

THE TOWER.

HERE is the substance spread
Far on the frosted grass,
Sprawled fast asleep beneath the dead
Decaying dream that lifts its head
In siege against the sky:
Grim parapeted mockery,
Great hulk of pageantry.
Here is the substance spread, and there
A phantom taper splutters out,
Cold phantom feet go stumbling up
A dripping stair.

WATERGATES.

WHEN once this lake and this sky have got into my blood
Will I be free as the herring gulls are free?
Or will I go down with the rest of the watersoaked wood
Whithersoever the current may carry me?

Will I strike out for a surf-ringed shoal and lie
All day in a cleft of broken rock to watch
The gulls swing slant-winged over my head and cry
Until at last I am one with them and their brood?

Or will I drop down over twisted willow roots,
Over black sands and heaps of mussel shells
Out to the stakes where the fishermen draw their catch,
Lie tangled there on the backs of wallowing swells?
No matter. Lift up the gates. I must be gone.
Let me hear the creak of the capstan, the tread of boots
Where the men go round. Let this lake and this sky be one
With myself, whether flotsam or gull, and alone!

POSSESSION.

You will come to hate me, better so;
You will even wish I were dead;
From that bitter soil there will grow
Flowers to wind about your head.

White flowers to soothe away the pain,
To fill your burning eyes with sleep;
You will even dream of me again,
Even though you hate me, you will weep.

White flowers of remembrance for the day
When you thought me beautiful and brave,
When my every look seemed to say,
—Ask, my dear, and you shall have!

None may rob you of your peace
Once you come to hate me—as you will;
Then will the wonder never cease,
Having lost me, you possess me still.

ON THE DUNE.

HE goes too often to the highest place
And looks too long,
The red of evening full upon his face,
Breathing a song
Too sorrowful for any man to know
The meaning right,
Some thing of evil hidden long ago
From life and light.
What his wind-tortured eyes are fixed upon,
And what his hands
Seem groping after when the sun is gone,
None understands.
Long he remains upon the dune alone
As one asleep ;
Over his feet the chilly sand has blown
And drifted deep.

WANDERER.

I HAVE come home again to meadowland and orchard,
And the dear, cool fingers of home wind fast about my own,
While broken words of love are sounding at my shoulder
Saying—You were away, and everything was lone.
—The hills you knew and meadowland and house were empty;
The cherries blossomed and the petals fell unseen,
The dark fruit rounded, ripened and was gathered,
And oh how empty was the place where you had been!
Sometimes the dogs would come, whining softly for you,
Asking for a romp across the windy fields once more,
Wondering what kept you so, worried and bewildered,
Waiting for your eager step, your whistle at the door—
Yes, I am home again, the chimney smoke is rising
Straight against the sunset, and lo! a window gleams,
But there's no voice at my shoulder, no clasp of dear cool
fingers,
Only the quiet frost and the dim-eyed sorrow of dreams.

LISTENER.

I'VE been with old men, shadowy and slow,
Men dead and buried a long while ago;
And the songs that they sang me, grave songs and sweet,
Held men the whole day stretched at their feet.
Fire danced and water whirled to the tune,
Laughter went ringing down the long noon;
But oh! what I loved most was not song at all,
Not the rich cadence, the silvery fall
Of passionless voices kept me in thrall.
But the unquenched ardor, pitying, wise,
That lit their frail features and flamed in their eyes
With a flame that transfigured starlight and dew—
The deep peace of old men when singing is through.

DECEMBER WOODS.

W^{INTER} boughs that hang like smoke
Against a winter sky,
Gray dim multitudes of stalwart beech and oak,
Roof over, haven in the drifted hosts that lie
Curled in dead forgotten ranks about their ancient feet.
Grief there is none, nor stabbing joy; the utter silence seems
Laughter and sibilant songs of love are heard no more,
Grief there is none, nor stabbing joy; the utter silence seems
Born of the night that kneels to gather up her own.

ON A HOLIDAY.

O^H to be free again! To know
Once more the cool embrace of winds, the shy
Caresses of the leaves about my feet,
The hemlock's sober kiss,
All that I had forgotten long ago.
And yet I knew these lovers never die,
The winds, the leaves, the trees, they never can forget;
Patient as rain-worn rocks beneath the sky
They only wait to give me this!

TOWNFOLK.

Too many faces at windows,
Too many eyes looking out;
I am afraid of you, neighbors,
Who follow me about

With sleepless eyes of question
For everything I do;
Why do you watch me, neighbors?
What am I to you?

Oh, I am hungry for wood-ways
And the breath of new plowed land,
And I'm sick of staring townfolk
I cannot understand;

I long for running water
To wash their touch from me—
Why, O you close-penned people,
Will you let no one be!

RETURN.

Oh the wind's rough and the water
And great gulls go veering
Through the torn pattern of cloud and sun;
The rocks drown in a smother
Of blue and silver,
Caught where the laughing breakers run
From the cold depths, the unwaking,
Their white arms waving,
Lean-bodied swimmers straining to land
For a last kiss at the brown breast
Of the passionate mother,
And the touch of her hand.

WEATHER SIGN.

WHERE wrinkled plain and upland meet,
And fences straggle to the high
Horizon line, the kildeers fly
And keening run on rosy feet
About their nesting place ;
Where warm spring rains go boiling down
Between high banks of crumbling clay
The weather sign has hung all day.
A ragged scarf of purple blown
Over the land's wet face.
A ragged scarf that coils and clings
And wraps the naked twigs about,
Coaxing the willow-catkins out
And hiding all green pushing things
Within a warm embrace.
The tidings of the glad release
Scarred hill is signalling to hill ;
While over bare fields sound the shrill
Strange cries of birds that never cease
To run their windy race.

LATE SPRING.

BELIKE the flowers that yesterday
Threw their blue and white away,
Trilliums and hepaticas that lie along the grass,
Wish now they had only waited
For the end of sleet and snow,
Spring was sure to be belated,
Such an idle Spring and slow!

For now the bloodroot storms the hill,
Arbutus shakes its petals free;
But they lie huddled close and still with not an eye to see.
With not a face for winds to kiss
Or touch light-fingered as they pass—
And do they dream of days like this,
Trilliums and hepaticas?

THESE FIELDS.

THESE fields are where she walked before I came,
On lonely, far-off days; here, where she stood
To watch the sun in one long line of flame
Go plunging down behind the darkened wood.
This briared path she knew, beside this stream
Hardly an evening that she did not go
Lost in a tremulous, delighted dream
To find the hollow where the wind-flowers grow.
And here I came upon her unaware,
Here afterward we never failed to come;
Each secret place she loved was mine to share,
No leaf that spoke to her, to me was dumb.
These fields are where she walked, oh that they were
Less bitter lonely for the lack of her!

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